

ADVERTISER BUILDING,
Dundas Street, London, Ont.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One week by carrier..... 10c
One year by carrier..... \$3.00
One year by mail, outside city..... \$3.00
One year, delivered, outside city..... \$3.00
Weekly Edition..... 10c

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[Entered at London Postoffice for
transmission through the mails as
second-class matter.]
The London Advertiser Printing Co.,
Limited.

LONDON, MONDAY, JUNE 23.

THE SONS OF AEsculapius.

This week several hundred doctors from all parts of Canada will meet in London at the annual session of the Dominion Medical Association. We have had several conventions in our city this year. Most, if not all of them, have been of a legislative character. They have met to make laws for the government of church or society. But the convention this week is educational, not legislative. The making of laws for the medical profession in Canada belongs to the various medical councils. The gathering this week is for the study of medical problems, and for mutual improvement.

We are all interested, either directly or indirectly, in the progress of medicine. A man may disbelieve in Christianity, and thus have no close relationship with the clergy. He may be a poor man, and escape from the lawyers. But from the hour of his birth to the hour of death, and at varying intervals between, every man comes in contact with a doctor. And we are glad to see him, when the time comes. We may sneer at him in health, but when disease appears, and death threatens, either for ourselves or our friends or relatives, no one is so welcome as the physician.

The varying attitudes of the ordinary man towards the doctor are described in a series of four pictures by an old Dutch painter. In a dangerous illness, racked with pain, the doctor seems to the sufferer a god; when the pain eases he becomes an angel of mercy; when health is restored, he is a fine man; when he sends in his bill he looks like Satan. There is a good deal of truth in the grim jest, but it is not universal. In most cases we are grateful to the doctor for his services. We give him honor and respect; we send him into our municipal councils, we elect him to Parliament, we make him a cabinet minister or a premier; and we pay his bill without grumbling—sometimes, if not always.

And he deserves all he gets. Few men work harder for all the remuneration or reward received. In daylight or in darkness, in sunshine or in storm, in poverty or in wealth, he is at our service. There are no laws on the statute book that compel him to attend upon us in our distress. The mechanic may refuse to work unless his pay is assured, the merchant may shut up his store at night, and refuse to rise from his bed to sell his goods, the lawyer may decline the brief that is offered, but the physician answers every call. There is an unwritten law of his profession which compels him to go, regardless of consequences to himself. And the consequences are sometimes serious enough. Not only the personal discomfort, not only the absence of remuneration, not only the ingratitude that sometimes meets his most faithful service, but sickness and death may come to himself in his effort to give life and health to others. Sixty-six years ago, when London was a police village, the president of its municipal board was a physician—Dr. H. D. Lee. He was a busy man, both in his private and in his public capacity. But when the dreaded ship fever broke out among the emigrants who brought with them from their long ocean voyage the germs of the most fatal disease of the age, he could find time to give his services freely to the unfortunate strangers. And he gave his life as well. In a few days he became a victim to the infection, dying in the struggle with disease for others. The annals of the profession record many such a case of self-sacrifice, while a great host of others have passed unrecorded, and unknown.

But not only as individuals are we interested in the physician. As a community we owe him a debt which we never attempt to pay. He not only tries to save the life of the individual man, but he tries to prevent disease. We are indebted to him for what we know, and for what we do, in the matter of public sanitation. He has always been the pioneer in this branch of public service. He has ever been working to bring about a condition of things which would deprive him of his occupation. This has been in the interest of the average citizen, and yet the physician has been compelled to drag him onward, to preach to ears too often unwilling, to coax money for sanitary purposes out of municipal treasuries unwisely guarded. And today the physician's services to the public in this respect are being recognized to some extent, yet the pioneer sanitarians not only worked without pay but in the face of an almost insupportable ignorance and opposition.

There may be no opportunity for the people of London to show their appreciation of the medical profession during the week so far as our visitors are concerned. But we can at all

events extend a cordial welcome, and wish for them a pleasant and profitable session. May they enjoy themselves in their partial holiday in this central park of the garden of Ontario, and return to their homes in renewed physical and mental health to find that their patients have not suffered by their absence, while they are themselves better fitted to serve them in the future.

AN APOLOGETIC CHAMPION.

After musing in his glass house for several days about "petty politicians" and other enemies of the people, the Free Press throws a stone, naming the London Advertiser as the arch enemy of all that is holy and hydro-electric. "Every other Liberal newspaper in the province has adopted distinctly an attitude of sympathetic patience."

Here is some patience in the Hamilton Times:
"The German Insulators on the hydro-electric system are blamed for the latest breakdown of the plant. When we were told that the Government power system was perfect, Mr. Beck could not have known much about the German part of it. It may be these insulators this time, but probably it will be something else that will cause the next breakdown." A solemn thought!

The Free Press itself is like the darkey who shouted out continually in church, but went to sleep just before the collection plate was passed. Still it seems concerned about the welfare of hydro, for one reason or another, and loving not wisely but too well, pleads against criticism. It is as though someone had got up in the crowd that saw Casey strike out, and denounced all who did not come forward with "sympathetic patience."

This is an occasion for demonstrative confidences smiling through tears, says our contemporary, not for rough reproof and ameliorative suggestion. Its own tone is too testy to come from an untroubled confidence within; but it enjoins against correction.

Friends of hydro, who use it, will agree with this paper's statement last Friday, that "the serious disturbance of hydro-electric light and power causes anxiety," and that "all will hope to see the faults made right without delay." Hydro-electric has to be made good, and an auxiliary system may be needed. The Free Press won't mind the expense.

THE LATEST ART CRITIC.

Mr. R. M. McElheran follows up his striking oration at the Synod of Huron with a letter to a local paper in which he defines just what he meant when he referred to modern woman as "a work of art." Hundreds of the fair sex in this city are displeased to Mr. McElheran. They are guilty, he claims, of painting their faces, and embellishing their figures by all manner of devices.

At any rate he appears to be enjoying himself. He fears that people did not fully catch his meaning at the synod, so he smacks his lips and indulges his well-known literary vein as follows:

"I have been requested to give an explanation of my remark 'that the modern woman was a work of art,' and to give my opinion as to what constitutes a work of art as indicated. Now I do not think this is quite fair. I would rather leave the settlement of that question to the women themselves, and I make this suggestion: When a woman has prepared herself to go out for a call, after the following fashion, if she can stand before a mirror and say to herself with a clear conscience, that she is not a 'work of art,' then I will have to admit, I suppose, that my statement was a mistake. She places on her head false hair, pencils her eyebrows and eyelashes, paints and enamels her face, neck and shoulders sometimes, according to the gown she intends wearing, puts on a false bust, pads her hips and lower limbs, and on top of all this places her fantastic headgear and ridiculously vulgar skirt, and other things too numerous to mention. I did not include, or intend to include, the most of sensible and careful women who are not seeking admission to vestries. Those to whom my remarks will apply are to be seen on our streets in hundreds every day of the week. Yours truly, R. M. McELHERAN."

We cannot treat this matter as flippantly as does Mr. McElheran. It seems to us a studied insult to the 2,500 women who signed the petition to be admitted to the vestries of the Church of England, and to the women of London in general. He flaunts his vulgarities at practically every woman and may be expected to keep it up if given the slightest opportunity. What will the children of the London schools think of their mothers now that one of the school officials has said such things? Or what of their sisters?

It is apparent that Mr. McElheran does not know what he is talking about; we repeat the statement when we read his twaddle about women using "pads." The pad went out before the esteemed secretary bought his last suit of clothes, somewhere about 1867, at a guess.

He does not stay with the facts when he says that hundreds of London women darken their eyebrows or paint their faces. There is not one woman in a thousand who darkens her eyebrows; there are not five in a thousand and who paint their faces; their headgear is not more absurd than can be found in any haberdasher's window.

"Those to whom my remarks will apply are to be seen on our streets every day in hundreds," does not allow many London ladies to escape. Just how many "hundreds" are to be found in the downtown sections at any one time or for a whole day is doubtful, but there would not be many left after Mr. McElheran's hundreds were removed. His remarks may be taken, then, to

apply designedly to a majority of the women of London.

There are many women who would not be attracted by the personal appearance of their critic. Just as he has no love of beauty, they believe that they can find the highest precedent for a certain degree of taste and embellishment; but if they chose to pick him to pieces, sartorially, they would find that even his antique coat had a certain amount of padding in the shoulders; that while he does not paint his face, he occasionally shaves the beard from it to improve his appearance; that he sticks to a certain unbecoming type of Christy hat; that he is as guilty as those he attacks in giving offence to the eye.

If Mr. McElheran is not merely seeking notoriety by making such extravagant statements, he is to be pitied. He cannot distinguish rouge from the peach bloom of a young girl's cheeks; there is no beauty for him in the delicate rose tint a woman may touch her hat with; a summery maid in white must blight his optics. To him all things are ugly, otherwise he could not sincerely have given expression to the foolishness that appears above his signature.

If strawberries are scarce, a great crop of cherries is promised. Strawberries are sour things anyway. Hurrah for those cherries.

Other places around may be getting industries, but London is the population gainer. Two thousand in one year besides annexation is something for the new publicity commissioner. Nothing succeeds like success.

Camp satisfies many healthy instincts. Man is a social animal. He loves gay colors, primitive outdoors living, battle's magnificently stern array, and playing in a theatrical performance.

The figures of the British census for 1910 show a very disproportionate number of women between the ages of 20 and 30. Women's lot circumscribes their crimes. They do not wade through slaughter to a throne nor shut the gates of mercy upon men, but they will prevaricate about their age.

There is a growing demand for the Bible on the stage. Sir Herbert Tree is bringing out Louis Parker's play, "Joseph and His Brethren." Puritan objections to the dramatic treatment of sacred themes are gradually being beaten down. The Passion plays of Germany have become enormously popular. A proper, reverent management of such subjects will in fact do something to improve the general reputation of the theatre and proportionately overcome the Puritan opposition.

BITS OF WISDOM.

There is only one aristocracy in the world, and that is the aristocracy of mind and character.—Wm. H. Thayer.

Those who wait for someone to tell them what to do are done.—Emerson.

WHOLESALE EXERCISE IN THE FREE AIR.

Under the wide sky, is the best medicine for body and spirit.—Sarah Louise Arnold.

NO RELIEF.

The cynical person was standing in front of a part of an exhibition of local art talent labelled "Art Objects."

"Well, I suppose Art does object, and I can't blame her, but there doesn't seem to be any help for it," he finally said.

SLIGHT CONFUSION.

[Washington Star.]
"She is a charming conversationalist."

"Yes," replied the serious young man, "but very modern. When I mentioned Boswell's life of Johnson she had to talk baseball, pugilism and politics to find out I didn't mean Walter, Jack or Hiram."

BUSY MAN'S ENJOYMENT.

[Judge.]
Jackson—"Whew! that's some cliff!" Johnson—"Seems to fascinate you."

Jackson—"Yes. That's the way my desk will look when I get back."

TOO DEEP.

[Atlanta Constitution.]
Two colored men were on an expedition to the colonel's hen roost one dark night. Mose had planted the ladder climbing up to where the chickens were roosting and was passing them down to Ephraim who put them in a bag. Suddenly Mose stopped.

"What's de matter, Brudder Mose?" inquired Ephraim anxiously.
"It's just been thinkin', Brudder Ephraim, how me and you is members up de church, an' wedder it's right to take de counsel's chickings."

"Brudder Mose," said Ephraim, "dat am a great moral question which you an' me ain't fit ter wrestle wid. Pass down anudder chicking."

TOO EXACT.

[Winnipeg Telegram.]
President Wilson recently said of a statistician: "His figures are so precise that one inclines to doubt them."

He is like the American sugar planter in Hawaii, who, taking a friend to the edge of a volcano, said:
"That crater, George, is just 70,004 years old."

FIERCE AND POWERFUL.

[Detroit News.]
Grasshoppers in the west have begun to attack fruit trees. The western grasshopper has two methods. Sometimes he gnaws the tree down and at other times he merely kicks it to death.

HER PLAY ON WORDS.

[Boston Transcript.]
Amateur Camerist—Here's a photograph I took of myself. What do you think of it?

Miss Bright (examining it)—The expression is very grim. You shouldn't take yourself so seriously.

A MEMENTO.

[Puck.]
Ethel—Muriel, why do you wear a lock of your husband's hair? He hasn't departed this life.

Muriel—No, he hasn't, but his hair has.



The St. Thomas Journal has a poem on "Our Police Force," the first line of which is, "A careful man is he."

Many an orator has been replaced in the affections of some fair one by a rival whose brighter remark recorded is, "Wouldn't that jar you?"

The Honorable Jimmy Butts should be on the payroll of the London ball team. Jimmy can go wild for the home team over less than any man we know.



The reporter who did the Methodist Conference, the Synod of Huron, and the militia camp may be forgiven if he hopes that the doctors' convention will be largely technical.

Speaking of some unsuccessful affairs, there's the bunion and the tight shoe.

The mayor did not make that ascent in the biplane, which was the first opportunity he ever missed of going up in the air. Perhaps he is learning with age to respect the law of gravity.

Della Fox was only 40, according to the obituary notices. We can understand why she couldn't have been a success in child parts towards the end of her career.

DEAR OLD FRIENDS.



"How do you feel?" the blackhead man asked.
"Well, comrade," he replied, "today I'm feeling on the bomb."

Then, seeing no cop on the beat, they had a blow-out down the street.

The editor of the Harristown Review has trout sent to him by an admiring subscriber. We would offer to acknowledge piscatorial contributions in this column, excepting for the fear that we might receive a carp for Jinx.

The mothers of London will make seven tons of sandwiches during the present summer; the daughter will hand them out; and a host of ginks will consume them, 15 to 55 at a sitting.

One man who never comes back is the barber who finds the barber shop full and says he will.

A baby serves as a good excuse for most anything until it is more than two years old.

If London women are "works of art" some of their critics will have to be placed in the cubist gallery at once.

AGED PRINTER IS DEAD.

[Canadian Press.]
Chicago, Ill., June 23.—Frederick William Brooks, who came from New York to Chicago by ox-team in 1833, died here today, aged 86. He was one of the city's first printers, and "worked at the case" with the late "Long John" Thompson, afterwards mayor, who was editor of the Chicago Democrat.

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He is like the American sugar planter in Hawaii, who, taking a friend to the edge of a volcano, said:
"That crater, George, is just 70,004 years old."

"But why the four?" George asked.
"Oh, I've been here four," was the reply. "It was 70,000 years."

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NEW SYSTEM IS FOR THE PUBLIC SAYS PRESIDENT

Is Absolutely Imperative That Business Men Get Better Currency Method.

New Banking Laws Will Be Planned to Mobilize All Reserves.

Washington, D. C., June 23. — Bearing a personal plea for immediate action by Congress to revise the banking and currency laws, that business may be aided in meeting tariff revision, President Wilson for the second time went to the House of Representatives today and personally read his address on the subject to both Houses of Congress assembled in joint session.

He appealed to every member of the House and Senate to lay aside personal considerations, and sacrifice comfort, and even health, if necessary, to secure at once a revision, and the reform of the nation's banking system. Only in that way, he declared, could the country secure the benefits of the tariff revision soon to be completed.

The New Plan.
"It is perfectly clear that it is our duty to supply the new banking and currency system the country needs, and that it will immediately need it more than ever," said President Wilson. "Shall we hesitate to change our tariff laws and then be lagging about making it possible and easy for the country to take advantage of the change? There can be only one answer to that question. We must act now, at whatever sacrifice to ourselves."

The vigor and strength of his short speech held the rigid attention of his large audience throughout its delivery. The President gave no direct endorsement to the glass currency bill, which is to form the basis for the Democratic revision of the banking laws, but in indirect language made it known that it had been prepared with his counsel and approval.

Remove the Tariff.

His message was as follows:
"It is absolutely imperative that we should give the businessmen of this country a banking and currency system, by means of which they can make use of the freedom of enterprise and of individual initiative, which we are about to bestow upon them. We are about to set them free; we must not leave them without the tools of action, when they are free. We are about to set them free by removing the trammels of the protective tariff. Ever since the civil war they have waited for this emancipation and for the free opportunities it will bring with it. It has been reserved for us to give it to them. Now both the tonic and the discipline of liberty and maturity are to ensue. There will follow a period of expansion and new enterprises, freshly conceived."

New System Needed.
The principles upon which we should act are clear. The country has sought and seen its path in this matter within the last few years—sees it more clearly now than it ever saw it before—much more clearly than when the last legislative proposals on the subject were made. We must have a currency, not rigid as now, but readily, elastically responsive to sound credit, the expanding and contracting credits of every-day transactions, the normal ebb and flow of personal and corporate dealings. Our banking laws must mobilize reserves, must not permit the concentration anywhere in a few hands of the monetary resources of the country or their use for speculative purposes in such a way as to hinder or impede or stand in the way of other, more legitimate, more fruitful uses.

Must Be Public.
And the control of the system of banking and of issues which our laws are to set up, must be made public, not private, must be vested in the Government itself, so that the masters of business, and of individual enterprise and initiative.

"I have come to you, as the head of the Government, and the responsible head of the nation, to urge this action now, while there is time to serve the country deliberately, and as we should, in a clear air of common conviction. I appeal to you with a deep conviction of duty, and I share this conviction. I therefore appeal to you with confidence."

Plan Garden Party on Convent Grounds

Affair Will Be Managed by Catholic Women's Church Organization.

At a meeting on Sunday afternoon in St. Peter's Parish Hall arrangements were made for a garden party on the grounds of the Sacred Heart Convent. The women's church organizations have the affair in hand, and those interested in the convent will be invited. This garden party is in aid of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and the one last year was for St. Peter's Seminary. The party will be held on the evening of July 9.

As intimated in Saturday's Advertiser, the Order of the Sacred Heart will probably leave Ontario, but their place will be taken by some other order. Being an order of cloistered nuns they are unable to take the necessary examination of the department of education, and are not certificated teachers. Therefore the school is not recognized as an educational institution. Their place will probably be taken by an order like the Dominicans, who are qualified to teach and are recognized by the department of education.

Londoners Off to Swiss Convention

Party of Six to Attend Annual Meeting of World's Sunday School.

London will be represented at the World's Sunday School Convention in Zurich, Switzerland, that opens early next month. Among the thousands of Sunday school workers who will assemble from all parts of the civilized world will be numbered Mr. and Mrs. C. E. German, Miss Clara German, Miss M. Hanley, and Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Taylor, all of this city.

Mr. German is superintendent of the Dundas Centre Methodist Sunday school. With his wife, daughter and sister-in-law, he will have a 12-week tour of the continent succeeding the sessions of the Sunday school convention. Two weeks

A Real Vacation Trip

Chicago to Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Bellingham, Vancouver, Victoria and return.

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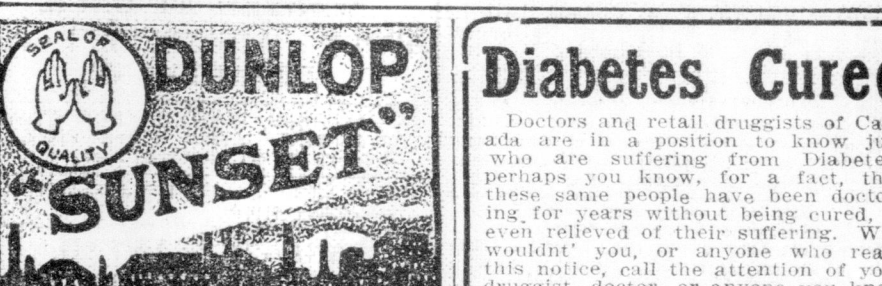
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Remains soft on the hottest joint. That flexibility gives it the necessary "life" to withstand the highest pressures. A perfect packing for all joints and is immune to the effects of steam, alkalis, ammonia.

Diabetes Cured

Doctors and retail druggists of Canada are in a position to know just who are suffering from Diabetes; perhaps you know, for a fact, that these same people have been doctoring for years without being cured, or even relieved of their suffering. Why wouldn't you, or anyone who reads this notice, call the attention of your druggist, doctor, or anyone you know that is suffering from this deadly affliction? In the interest of suffering humanity, this is requested; an act of kindness to mankind will thus be performed, for any help in alleviation of suffering disease is noble work.

Sanol's Antidiabetes

Manufactured by the Sanol Manufacturing Company, Limited, Winnipeg, Man., is the remedy in question, and doctors and physicians in all parts of the country are recommending it and prescribing it with wonderful success. It is wise for everyone to know of this efficient remedy, and to call it to the attention of their friends. We would strongly urge the readers of this paper to write to the above-mentioned firm for literature and copies of testimonials, so that they may be informed of this wonderful discovery.

The following leading druggists are special selling agents:
Anderson & Nelles, Dundas street; W. T. Strong, Dundas street; Talbot Drug Company, Talbot street.

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-it costs no more.

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